

## WEEKLY



## VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, March 17, 1804.

[No. 75]

THE

## VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, *Memoirs of a Country Lady.*

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Concluded from page 178.)

NO. XV.

IT was a beautiful moonlight evening when we strolled to the cottage. Harriet had risen from her bed, and, clad in a plain white wrapping dress, with a close cap, looked a most delicate and interesting figure. Leonard was seated beside her, holding on his knee his lovely infant, whose rosy fingers were entwined in the auburn locks which hung over his fine face; while Maria stood before them, extending a hand to each—the picture of peace and benevolence.—This affecting scene we beheld through the casement that opened into the coppice.

Is not this, said I to my companion, enough to plead their pardon? Can you, by a disapproving frown, cloud the dawn of returning virtue?

I admire your notions of virtue, returned he, making the very act of dis-

bedience your plea of defence.—Oh! 'tis a woman's argument!

Granted, I replied; and, as a weak disputant, I bring nature and sensibility to aid my cause.

Mr. Somerton, through politeness, gave up the point, and we entered the cottage. This disturbed the group; but, upon an intimation from me that we came upon amicable terms, composure was soon restored; and Mr. Somerton with tolerable grace cheered the drooping spirits of Harriet with an assurance of his feeling perfect satisfaction in the present arrangement.

Indeed, my dear Sir, said Leonard, if you knew how very culpable I have been, your forgiveness would, I fear be longer withheld. This too generous girl has taken upon herself the whole imputation of error; whilst I alone should have been censured as an unfeeling wretch and base deceiver!

You declaim wonderfully young man, retorted Somerton, rather sarcastically: and, pray, to what *wonderful* cause may we attribute this sudden penitence and reformation?

To the admonitions of virtue, Sir, said Leonard, and to the feelings of nature.—This is my child:—you are a father! Need I say more?

The girl clung round him, and Somerton embraced her fondly, while he vainly tried to conceal the tears which this short but pathetic appeal of his son drew forth.

Well, well, said he, at length; I have no objection to your acting like a man of honor, if you can reconcile that term with your conduct to my Maria here.

Oh! my dear sir, cried the enthusiastic girl, catching his hand, you know little of my heart, if you think me less happy than you wish me; or can you imagine a moment's felicity would be mine while wronging an amiable unfortunate woman—a helpless innocent babe? —Oh! no!—To their union I look forward as an event that will conduce both to my happiness and self-approbation; for, where can happiness be so truly found as in an approving conscience?

I was pleased to perceive, by the glow upon her cheeks, and the energy with which she spoke, that these were the sentiments of her heart; and I felt also the most perfect satisfaction at the chastened friendship with which Leonard now regarded her. Harriet, after much entreaty, consented to remove to my house for a while, till her health is perfectly established, as she can have better accommodation there than at the cottage. The worthy Mrs. Mournwell,



too, has been admitted a witness of this pleasing event; and for the benevolent kindness which she manifested to poor Harriet I must ever respect her, in despite of illiberal prejudice: for a generous feeling heart is surely the seal of christianity stamped by the hand of the Father of Divine mercy.—The perturbed state of her mind, some time since, induced her to relinquish the preceptive occupation in which she had, through temporary pecuniary embarrassments, engaged; and her hours are now generally occupied by some literary composition, in which she secretly paints her own sorrows: and seeks to divert the oppressive grief by imagining that the picture represents the woes of others, to which she pays the tribute of a doubly painful tear.

The post has just brought me a letter:—it is from Mrs. Woolcomb.

Dear Madam,

THIS letter will scarcely reach you before I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects in person. The death of an aged relative, by securing to Mr. Woolcomb an handsome independence, occasions him to resign his commission now that the peace affords him the opportunity of an honorable resignation. As some necessary adjustments will detain him a few days longer in town, and engage much of his attention, I shall hasten to the society of my friends round Tattle Green, and reserve the sequel of the tale I commenced in my last for tea-table gossip, or refer you to the heroine herself, who now attends me in the capacity of waiting woman. I hope I shall reach your mansion in time to return the compliment to Maria which she once paid me; and I sincerely hope that the event may be as happy.—Woolcomb unites with me in all affectionate regards.

Your's ever, with sincere affection,

C. WOOLCOMB.

We were all standing at my bow-window yesterday, when a post-chaise drove to the gate, from which with all due respect, old Peter handed Mrs. Woolcomb, attended by a tall thin woman, apparently in a very weak state; but no sooner did Harriet catch a glimpse of her face than, with extreme emotion, she declared it to be her sister—that wretched, misguided woman to whom

she owed her long sufferings. The meeting was embarrassing and painful on all sides; but the unfeigned penitence of an erring sister soon obtained forgiveness from the generous minded Harriet, who, elated by her own prospects of happiness, would banish care and pain from every breast.

On the day which unites Harriet with Leonard, I am to give my hand to Mr. Somerton; and the idle gossipings of a village spinster must in consequence terminate.

It was originally my intention to animadvert upon the failings of my neighbors; but, chancing to cast my eyes round my own domestic circle, I saw there so many more conspicuous faults, that I stopped, with a blush at my own temerity; and I sincerely hope that the venerable Mrs. Prudentia Homily, on the Green, who has so long by her slanderous anecdotes given pain to the gentle bosom of Harriet, will profit by the hint. Admonition is the gentle reign which guides to virtue and happiness; but malevolent reproach is the galling curb which produces obstinate resistance in the untractable, and even frets the tame into opposition.

Maria conducts herself with much propriety on the occasion; and Stanley's family still express their hope of her being one day related to them; but of that Maria does not seem to entertain an idea. Young Stanley will soon return to take the curacy of B—; and, should he wish to renew the acquaintance, I think we can persuade Maria to make him welcome; though, to do her justice, she at present thinks too humbly of herself to form any such expectation. Mr. Somerton gives up Rose Dale to Leonard and his bride; and Tabby Hall will henceforward be denominated Somerton Lodge. Leonard, with much generosity, has given the cottage to Harriet's sister, which is to be converted into a kind of dairy for the use of the families thus united in family interests, and will afford her both amusement and profit. Mr. Woolcomb's house in town is to be our winter's rendezvous:—he is every day expected to complete our party; and it is with pleasure I perceive how much his presence is wished for by Clara.—Mrs. Mournwell is not forgotten in the circle; and Thursday next is to be the important day.

Mr. Stanley is hobbling this way:—I hasten to receive him.

My old friend brought me the following letter, which has completed our arrangement:

Oxford, May 1, 1802.

My dear father,

Your intelligence of the transactions at the Hall gave me the greatest surprise, not unmixed with satisfaction; for, though there is no longer any prospect for me, I cannot but feel delight that Maria has, by the prudence of her conduct, retrieved our favorable opinion.—Her youth, her inexperience, are excuses for that instability of which we complained; but, despicable as coquetry must ever appear in my eyes, how greatly is it palliated by that integrity of principle, and benevolence of disposition, which has been manifested in the conduct of Maria!—I must ever love her, though her heart is now completely estranged.—Estranged, do I say?—No!—that would be criminal:—her heart is once more free.—With the approbation of my friends, I will again seek her favor: and should I succeed, my whole esteem and confidence shall be unreservedly her's, &c. &c.

EDWARD STANLEY.

P. S. I shall be with you on Tuesday evening.

Maria declares she shall be ashamed to see him; but we rally her out of her apprehensions: and Edward is too generous to suffer her to feel a moment's mortification.



### Selected Biography.

SAMUEL Johnson an eccentric dramatic writer, was a native of Cheshire, and bred to the profession of a dancing-master, which he afterwards followed. He found leisure, however, to write several pieces for the stage. The first of which, entitled Hurllothumbo, had an amazing run, occasioned by the whimsical madness and extrava-



gance of the whole composition. It is said that Sir Robert Walpole promoted the success of his piece as far as lay in his power, making it serve to engage the attention of the public from some state designs of his own. Soon after the exhibition of this whimsical drama, he formed a meeting called the Hurlothrumbo Society. A list of its members were printed, with a frontispiece representing the monster in the first lines of Horace's Art of Poetry. Johnson was supposed to have been infected with a strong tincture of insanity, in consequence of which it is probable, he met with little encouragement in his business; yet, as his flightiness was accompanied with flashes of wit and humor, and not of a dangerous or mischievous turn, his acquaintance was sought by most of the gentlemen of fortune in that country, at whose houses he used to reside alternately for a considerable time, in such a manner as to render the pursuit of business unnecessary to him. The following humorous anecdote may serve to give the reader some idea of his manner.

Mr. Johnson having been invited to pass some months at the country house of a gentleman, where he had never been before, he accepted the invitation, and was for some time treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But at length having shown great extravagance, wildness, and oddity in his expressions and actions, the lady of the house, who happened to be rather in a low-spirited way, began to be extremely alarmed at his behavior, and apprehended he might do a mischief to himself or others. On this subject she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, entreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The gentleman, unwilling to be guilty of a breach of hospitality, commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to him. This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned by way of vindication of the gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and gaiety of temper peculiar to himself, replied, That he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. —'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; and that he also entertained the highest respect for his lady; and therefore, as he was the innocent cause of her distress, he would never again trouble the house whilst li-

ving; but as a testimony of his sincere esteem, she might depend upon it, that after his death, she should be the very first person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should pay his respects.

This message being delivered to the lady, who was before of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before. She requested the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg, from her, that he would continue where he was, for that with all his wildness and eccentricity, she had much rather see him alive than dead. Johnson died a few years ago. In his Hurlothrumbo there are some beauties, in the midst of numberless absurdities, that would do honor even to our first rate-geniuses. This will appear from the following quotation, which is Deleghodelmo's curse upon Hurlothrumbo.

"May heaven pour down upon him the bitter-blessing, the honey-curse, the gilded pill that satisfies desire, and infects the mind; give him riches, and make him love them; then will he be abhorred of men, the spirits, the angels, and the gods; may a proud sign appear in his face, that he may be a tavern for the devils to riot and banquet in; let him pamper nature, feed high to destroy his taste, and so blind all the beauties of his mind; then will his hungry pleasure devour up all the eternal treasure of his soul."

#### To the Editors.

[In the Retrospect, lately published, the real character of J. J. Rousseau, is improperly delineated. From the writings of a man better acquainted with him and his works, I send you his character, whose discernment I hope will not be controverted.] A. X.

IT is not for his talents that I should envy this great man, but his virtue, which was the source of his eloquence and the soul of his works. He was always the same, full of sincerity, of frankness, and of simplicity; without any mixture of parade or double intention, or of arts to conceal his faults or display his virtues. One ought possibly, to pardon those who have decried him, for having so ill understood him. The world, in general, is not in a state to

conceive the sublimity of such a mind; and one is never well judged but by one's peers. Whatever is thought or said of him, for still a century (it is the space and term which envy reserves for his detractors) there was, perhaps, never a man so virtuous; since he was so with a persuasion that the sincerity of his writings and actions was disbelieved. He was so in despite of nature, of fortune, and of men, for, these had overwhelmed him with sufferings, with calumnies, with disgusting vexations, with persecutions.—He was so, under the most lively sensibility to pain and injustice; he was so, to conclude, notwithstanding his foibles; of which I am ignorant, but which it is said, he has disclosed in the memoirs of his life. He wrested from his passions a thousand times more than they could exhort from him. Endued, perhaps, with the heart of an incorruptible and virtuous epicurean, he preserved in his manners the severity of stoicism. Whatever abuse may be made of his confessions, they will always prove the reserved honesty of a man who spoke as he thought, wrote as he spoke, lived as he wrote, and died as he had lived.

#### For the Weekly Visitor.

IT was with pleasure I observed in a late number, a piece on *Female Deccorum*, &c. communicated by SENEX.

The subject he embraces is one intimately connected with the interests of the fair sex, and one on which they ought to bestow particular attention.

It is a lamentable fact, that many of the ladies in our metropolis, regardless of their true interests and of those pursuits which are calculated to insure their happiness, devote their hours to purposes unworthy the exalted rank they hold in society.

When they appear in company, instead of introducing a subject, the discussion of which tends to improve the mind, if a subject of this nature is introduced it is immediately broken off by the hasty interrogation, was you at the theatre last evening? or some other, of a nature more insignificant—thus it requires all the address of a man of sense to support rational conversation even for a very short period; it is not ne-



cessary to possess any uncommon penetration or discernment to discover from whence this reluctance arises.

Accustomed to think the sole object of their being is to gain a multitude of admirers, and entertaining false and romantic notions of those accomplishments which are calculated to excite this passion—believing that the art of dressing with taste, making a splendid and ostentatious appearance and taking a conspicuous part in the fashionable tete-a-tete, or rather nonsense, of the day, supply the place of improving conversation, it is not strange that they should disapprove of the discussion of rational topics.

Would this description of ladies, instead of pursuing an endless round of trifling toys, and tasteless amusements, devote their time in acquiring a fund of intellectual accomplishments, and in cultivating an acquaintance with subjects which will serve to ameliorate their declining years, their influence over men of worth and reflection would be far more extensive and their own reflections would be to them a source of unfading pleasure.

From what has been said, it may be supposed the writer of this article either never entertained that respect for the fair, which his sex in general possess, or, that disgusted with their follies and chagrined by their neglect he has renounced them forever: the case however is far different. The characters of many with whom he has the pleasure of being acquainted, confute the idea, that these hints are applicable to the sex in general. To such they do not apply, for such they were not intended, but should they fall into the hands of those of his fair friends for whom they were particularly intended, and inspire them with a determination to improve by them, they will exalt themselves much higher in the esteem of

PHILO-SENEX.

Messrs. Ming and Young.

*As the principal object of your useful Miscellany is to promote the improvement of the ladies, you will by inserting the foregoing oblige a number of your patrons, particularly your constant reader, and old correspondent.*

For the Weekly Visitor.

THE DIMENSIONS AND  
CURIOSITIES OF ST. PAUL'S  
CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

(By a gentleman late from that place.)

ST. Paul's Cathedral was begun to be rebuilt in the year 1675, and was finished in the year 1715, including the space of 40 years.\* It was begun and finished by Sir Christopher Wren, the chief architect; by Mr. Strong the principal Mason, and under Dr. Compton then Bishop of London; Mr. Hill was chiefly employed in the decorations of this church in carving the lively representations of St. Paul's conversion, the majestic figure of St. Paul on the apex of the pediment, with St. Peter on his right hand and St. James on his left and the four evangelists with their proper emblems, on the front of the Tower, &c.

The charge of building this Cathedral which amounted to £1,500,000 ster. was chiefly supported by a small easy tax on sea coal.

The dimensions of St. Paul's from east to west within the walls, 510 feet. From north to south within the doors of the porticos 282 feet. The breadth at west entrance 100 feet. Its circuits 2292 feet. Its height within, from the center of the floor to the cross 404 feet. The diameter of the ball 6 feet. From the ball to the top of the cross 30 feet. The diameter of the columns of the porticos 4 feet: Their height is 48 feet. To the top of the west pediment under the figure of St. Paul 120 feet. From the bottom of the whispering gallery are 280 steps, including those to the golden gallery are 534, and to the ball, in all 616 steps. The ball weighs 5600 pounds; The cross weighs 3360 pounds; length of the cross 30 feet.

The extent of the ground plot wherein St. Paul's stands is near 2 acres

This vast fabric is surrounded at a proper distance, with strong iron palisades, in number about 2500; and in the area of the ground west front, on a pedestal of excellent workmanship, stands a statue of Queen Ann, with proper decorations: the figure on the base represents Britannia with her spear, Gallia with a crown in her lap, Hibernia

\* St. Peter's, at Rome, continued in building 145 yrs. under 12 successive architects.

with her harp, America with her bow; all the workmanship of the same ingenious statuary that performed the rest.

The library is remarkable for its flooring, it being most artfully inlaid, without nail or peg, like the framing of a billiard table, the wainscoting and cases of books want neither elegance nor convenience; there is a very fine painting of Bishop Compton, under whom the Cathedral was built.

The next is a very curious geometry stair case, being the best ever made in England; it has 90 steps all supported by the bottom step. There is a very curious fine model which Sir Christopher Wren first caused to be made, in order to have built the Cathedral in every respect like it.

The great bell in weight is 11,474 pounds; the clapper is 100 pounds; the diameter of the bell is 10 feet, on which the hour of the clock strikes; and the quarters strike on the lesser bells underneath. The length of the minute hand is 8 feet and weighs 75 pounds, the length of the hour hand 5½ feet and weighs 44 pounds, the length of the hour figures is 2 feet, circumference of the dial is 57 feet.

There is a curious fine whispering gallery, where sounds are enlarged to an amazing degree; the shutting of the doors seems as loud as thunder, the least whisper is heard round the whole circumference; and one speaking against the wall appears to be present to another on the other side, though the distance between them is no less than 140 feet.

Within this gallery you have a fine view of curious paintings done by Sir James Thornhill, the principal passages in St. Paul's life, &c.

#### ANECDOTE.

So prevalent is the custom of *fine speaking*, that *plain speaking* is in danger of being turned out of doors. Seeing a friend muffled up, I asked him if he had the tooth-ach. Sir, (replied he) I have a tumor in the glands, which suspends the operation of mastication. When I dined with him on a shoulder of mutton, he eat little, observing, That the rancidity of the fat was not congenial to the coats of his stomach, and might therefore bring on an emetic operation.



## CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

By Arthur Owen, Esq.

**H**ARASS me no more with thy cant and hypocrisy—I have no money for such a filthy vagabond as thou art, said I, still approaching the door. The hoary mendicant hung his head, and with his trembling hand wiped away the tears which stole down his pale, though venerable cheeks, whilst I could faintly hear him repeat “filthy vagabond as thou art”—the repetition, his age, his attitude, and his weeping touched me—most sensibly touched me. He made a nearer approach, and, after a few struggles, ventured to look me in the face. I was hastening to my pocket, when that demon, Suspicion, still whispered me he was an impostor, I eyed him with sternness, but I saw that I had gone too far—that my scowl had entered his soul; he could no longer bear it, and in a moment, forgetting his posture, of supplication, he energetically exclaimed, Though, Sir, I may be poor, I am still honest: though I am a beggar, I have still feelings; and though you may esteem me an object unworthy of your charity, why thus cruelly wound me with your frowns?—The fellow’s eloquence came home with full power to my heart—he struck the mastering of my nature. I turned my back upon him (for I had not courage to meet the indignant glances of my tattered, though sentimental accuser) to get to my purse to reward his independent spirit, and pathetic appeal, when regaining my situation, I found that he had left me. My heart was harrowed to the very quick.—Oh! how poignantly did I lament my folly and barbarity, as I had lost (perhaps for ever) the blissful opportunity of asking forgiveness from one, whom I had thus insulted—of pouring my little all into the lap of a man of such sensibility, such intelligence, and such distress—but, says Prudence—curse Prudence, replied I,—I have here sacrificed a more ecstatic pleasure than a whole life spent in conformity to the dictates of cold-hearted prudence and ungenerous apathy, can possibly bestow.

## IRISH SPECTACLES.

**T**HE late general B.—going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business that would not permit

the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to the table. The general’s desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in, hungry as hawks, after a morning’s sport. They eagerly enquired what could be had to eat: like a true boniface the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only a moment before served up for the Irish gentleman’s dinner.—*Irish gentleman!* gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrined group—D—n me!—I’ll lay fifty to five, the fellow does not know B from Bull’s foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the *Jontleman* and present my compliments to him and request him to tell me what o’clock it is.

The general heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined, he would endeavor to satisfy the enquiry. The bucks, chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could: but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who, with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presenting the watch, Gentleman, said he, I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is *short sighted*, and have brought him *this* pair of spectacles, (pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm,) to remedy his defect. Joke was gone—the bucks were silent. The general deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever.—Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the *owner* is not among you, whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never *without a trial of the spectacles*.

## NEGRO METHOD OF TAMING A SHREW.

From Park’s Travels.

**I** DEPARTED from Konjour, and slept at a village called Malla or Mallaing, and soon after arrived at Ko-

lor, a considerable town; near the entrance of which I observed, hanging upon a tree, a sort of masquerade habit, made of the bark of trees, which I was told, on inquiry, belonged to Mumbo Jumbo. This is a strange bugbear, common to all the Mandingo towns, and much employed by the Pagan natives in keeping the women in subjection; for as the Rasirs are not strict in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain: and, as it frequently happens that the ladies disagree among themselves, family quarrels sometimes rise to such a height, that the authority of the husband can no longer preserve peace in his household. In such cases, the interposition of Mumho Jumbo is called in, and is always decisive.

This strange minister of justice, (who is supposed to be either the husband himself, or some person instructed by him) disguised in the dress that has been mentioned, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming (wherever his services are required) by loud and dismal screams in the woods near the town. He begins the pantomime at the approach of night: and, as soon as it is dark, he enters the town, and proceeds to Bentang, where all the inhabitants instantly assemble.

It may easily be supposed that this exhibition is not much relished by the women; for as the person in disguise is entirely unknown to them, every married female suspects that the visit may possibly be intended for herself; but they dare not refuse to appear when summoned; and the ceremony commences with songs and dances, which continue until midnight, about which time, Mumbo fixes on the offender. This unfortunate victim being thereupon immediately seized, is stripped naked, tied to a post, and severely scourged with Mumbo’s rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the whole assembly; and it is remarkable, that the rest of the women are the loudest in their acclamations, on this occasion, against their unhappy sister. Day-light puts an end to this indecent and unmanly revel.

Buonaparte’s wooden house must be a very extraordinary edifice. If we may credit the papers, it consists of many stories and has no foundation.



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 17, 1804.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 31 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 13—inflammation on the lungs 1—inflammation in the breast 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—dropsy in the head 1—dropsy in the chest 1—pleurisy 1—hives 2—sudden 1—burnt 1—fits 2—small pox 2—apoplexy 1—whooping cough 1—dysentery 1—and 1 by dissolution of blood.

Of the above 23 were adults and 8 children.

### LONDON FASHIONS

FOR FEBRUARY.

*Full dresses.*—A Turkish robe of fine, plain, or worked, muslin. Turban sleeve. A Mameluke turban ornamented with beads, and a white ostrich feather. White shoes, a tunique of white crape laced down the front, and trimmed all around with silver, the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with silver. Head dress of pink satin velvet trimmed with silver. A silver ornament in front.

*Promenade dresses.*—A round dress of white muslin, made quite plain over the bosom, and tied close round the neck with a double frill of lace or muslin; long sleeves of thin worked muslin: close bonnet of plain silk, or velvet.—A short round dress of white muslin, with a pelice of fawn color Georgian satin cloth. Vandyked all round with black velvet. A silver ornament in front.

*Head dresses.*—A white lace veil placed to fall over the left shoulder, and ornamented with a wreath of minionet.—Mameluke turban of white satin; white ostrich feathers in front. Cape of muslin, and lace, ornamented with a wreath of roses. Lace veil with a flower in front. Cap of satin and crape ornamented with beads; ostrich feathers in front. Small straw hat turned up in front. Cape of lace and muslin. Hat of white satin, turned up all round with a scarlet ornament in front. A cap of French velvet and lace; bunch of roses in front.

*General observations.*—The prevailing

colors are scarlet, blue, and yellow. Ornaments of all descriptions are much worn in the hair. The dresses are made very low round the bosom, and the sleeves very short. Diamond, or pearl necklaces, and bracelets. Lace still ornaments every part of the dress. Velvet or cloth pelices, with velvet or straw bonnets, constitute the walking dress.

Much vague rumor prevailing respecting some recent occurrences at New-Orleans, by which unimportant circumstances are magnified so as to present an unpleasant aspect. We conceive it our duty to state them as correctly as letters from that place enable us to do.

Regular assemblies are periodically held at New-Orleans, under the direction of the municipal officers. According to rules fixed by them, which existed previous to the cession of the country, the dances were arranged in the following order; first two cotillons; next, a country dance for twelve couple; and lastly, the waltz.

At an assembly held, on the 6th of January, some slight misunderstanding arose between the Americans and French, the causes of which, though not distinctly known, were generally considered as connected with some erroneous statement of the feelings of the French citizens on the rise of the American in the room of the French flag, when the first celebration of the cession took place. This misunderstanding was apparently hushed, when on the 23d of January another assembly was held. According to the above rules the dancing commenced with cotillons, followed by a country dance of twelve couple; the music, having received instructions in consonance with this arrangement, ceased to play the tune appropriate to the country dance, as soon as the twelve couple had led down the dance. In the mean time six additional couple, composed of Americans, had placed themselves at the end of the dance. As soon as the music ceased, the Americans required a continuation of it and of the country dance; while the French citizens called for the waltz, a dance in which, it is understood, as many of the company as please participate,

The music declining to play a continuation of this tune, an American citi-

zen broke the violin of one of the band with his cane, which likewise being broken exposed a sword. Some tumult ensued, during which a French officer left the room and returned with a broad sword. In the mean time, to appease the disorder, Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson addressed the company, and enquired what were the wishes of the dissatisfied. The French officer replied, we want the Waltz. This reply, from being made in French, not being understood by the Americans, but, on the contrary, being interpreted into a menace, increased the disorder. General Wilkinson was inducing in an amicable way, the officer to retire, when some American citizens met the General, and gave advice which he repelled. This likewise being misunderstood, was erroneously considered as an act of violence offered by the French officer to the General; and increased the tumult. Swords were drawn, but no lives lost or bodily injury done. The officer was arrested, and required to appear before the civil authority the ensuing day, when he was liberated.

After the arrest, the American commissioners, we understand, received a letter from Mr. Laussat protesting against the exercise of authority, on the part of the United States, in relation to French officers, alledging that under the treaty of cession, three months having been allowed for the evacuation of the place by the French troops, previous to the expiration of that period French officers were under his control. The liberation of the officer having previously taken place superceded any further act on the part of the civil authority.

It will appear from this minute statement of facts, for which our sole apology is to be found in the sensibility of the public mind to whatever relates to our new acquisition, that the transaction is of an ordinary nature, and one which does not justify the mistatement or alarm which has gone abroad.

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### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

MONDAY, MARCH 12.

*Lewis of Monte Blanco, (first time.)*  
(anon.) and *Purse.*

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14.

*Lewis of Monte Blanco (anon.)* and  
*Raising the Wind (Kenny.)*

As no play since *John Bull* has re-



ceived so great a share of applause and given so full a measure of satisfaction as *Lewis of Monte Blanco*, or the *Transplanted Hibernian* we shall, after two opportunities for attentive observation, give a sketch of the piece, scene by scene with such remarks as shall occur on the performers and the play itself. It was thus cast. Jerome, Mr. Tyler.—Lewis, Mr. Fennell.—Thady O'Reilly, Mr. Harwood.—Ferdinand, Mr. Claude.—Lope, Mr. Martin.—Sebastian Mr. Harper.—Lazzeretto, Mr. Hogg.—Juan, Mr. Johnson.—Lazzarillo, Mr. Shapter.—Servant, Mr. Robinson.—Banditti, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c. &c. Olivia, Mrs. Melmoth.—Seraphina, Mrs. Johnson.—Margaretta, Mrs. Hogg.

The scene lies in a mountainous part of Spain, and on the drawing up of the curtain we find ourselves in a Gothic apartment of a castle. Margaretta, who is discovered at her work, complains of her situation. Thady O'Reilly enters, and we learn from the dialogue which ensues, that this gallant Hibernian had fought in the Catholic army under James II, at the battle of the Boyne, where Don Lewis likewise served in the French army under Count Schomberg. It was the fortune of O'Reilly to save the life of Lewis on that occasion, and Lewis in gratitude (as the Catholics were worsted) has since retained him in his service. Margaretta informs him of circumstances attending the death of a confidential servant of Don Lewis's, called Vincent, from which she infers that some crime had been committed, and that some mystery is connected with the northern part of the building which is described as being in a state of ruin and decay. Margaretta has suspicions that Lewis has been acting with tyranny and criminality, but it appears that the brave Irishman is without any knowledge or even suspicion on the subject. She repeats her determination to quit the place. He says, "Sure you would not leave the castle when we are going to have a wedding in it." She replies, that she will not stay to see the lady forced against her inclinations to marry Don Lewis. "Forced!" cries the soldier, "and shall that thing happen and Thady O'Reilly in the castle!" Their conversation is interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Ferdinand, who finding the gates and doors open, during the absence of Don Lewis and his attendants at the chase, ventures in to seek shelter and hospitality.

(To be continued)



### Married.

On Thursday last week, Mr. Thomas Smith, to Miss Susan Dawson, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, William Williams, jun. esq. to Miss Maria Van Ranst, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Samuel Henderson, to Mrs. Elizabeth Weldon, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Jonathan Ogden, to Miss Charlotte E. Walton.

At New-Haven, Abraham Bishop, esq. Collector of the district of New-Haven, to Miss Betsy Law, of Cheshire, (Con.)

### Died.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Mary Sharkerly, aged 35 years.

On Saturday last, the widow Elizabeth Bean, in the 53d year of her age, much lamented by her friends and relatives.

At the city of Washington, the hon. Daniel Heister, a member of the House of Representatives, from the state of Maryland.

On the 27th of Feb. at his seat, near the village of Peekskill, Col. James Thompson, formerly an officer in the American revolutionary army.

The NEW-YORK MUSICAL SOCIETY, of amateurs, feeling for the distress of the unfortunate sufferers by the late fire at Norfolk, will give a public Concert for their benefit, in the brick Presbyterian church, in Beekman-st. on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst.—To wipe the tear from the eye of distress—to receive the prayers of the widow and orphan—for the success of an infant institution, founded for benevolent purposes and for improvement in sacred music, will amply compensate for their exertions.

Tickets of admission 50 cents, to be had of Ch. Prince, 42, Barclay-street, M. Hitchcock, 36, Maiden-lane, Sage and Thompson's book-store, 149, Pearl st. J. Beach, 3, City-hotel, Broadway, J. C. Totten, 135, Chatham st. Daniel Dodge, 374, Pearl st. J. Secor, corner of Nassau and George-streets.

\* \* \* Doors to be opened at 6 o'clock, and performance to begin at 7.

### UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. 11," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than 2½ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to.

Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

### W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful; red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

### Theatre.

On Saturday evening, March 19, in commemoration of St. Patrick's Day, will be presented, (by particular desire)

JOHN BULL,

Or, an Englishman's Fire-side.

To which will be added,

Raymond and Agnes.

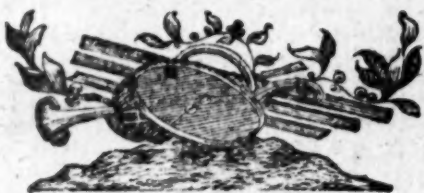
On Monday evening, the Comedy of

Lewis of Monte Blanco,

OR, THE TRANSPLANTED HIBERNIAN. And the Farce, called, Raising the Wind.

The "Wanderer," in our next





## EPILOGUE

To the Comedy of "Lewis of Monte Blanco," spoken by MRS. JOHNSON.

WRITTEN BY W. DUNLAP.

**F**ASHION,—of Epilogues th' eternal theme,  
Is now, like oit-skimm'd milk, quite void of cream;

But as 'tis changing still with every whim,  
Each bard yet hopes a little more to skim;  
Then sets his head, as dairy-maid her pan,  
And hopes some thought may rise to aid his plan;  
Thus, pen in hand, with anxious care he watches,  
And what comes uppermost full eager catches,  
If 'tis not rich it yet may hap to please,—  
For milk that won't yield cream, may still make cheese.

To drop the dairy language ere 'tis stale—  
Still as my Goddess, Fashion, thee I hail!  
Be thou propitious to thy votary's prayer!  
Give me to please!—what else is worth my care!

Let others talk of what the million sways—  
It might be patriotism, in former days,  
That now, is all a quizz, a hum, a hoax,  
The word is *obsolete*—except one jokes.  
"Love" cries another, "Love! all nature's soul!"  
No, no, good sir, Love's under strict controul.  
No man of spirit, now, dare take a wife,  
Unless prepared for fashionable life.—  
Plate, furniture, and equipage must shine,  
Celestial chairs and carpets quite divine!  
Beds where the husband may his company see,  
And madam chat with beaux, or sip her tea.  
To live and not in style his soul disdains,  
And Fashion binds weak love in golden chains.

In days of yore a prudent dame was found,  
Like her own prayer-book, clasp'd, and neatly bound;  
But, now, when beau the married fair one greets,  
Is the book clasp'd and bound?—No. 'Tis in sheets.

Some, as the ruling impulse of the nation,  
Will name the dirty demon speculation;  
"Money" they cry, "gain, gain's the ruling passion,"  
But I say no, even avarice yields to fashion:—  
Fashion's the deity that rules our lives,  
See husbands yield their fortunes to their wives,  
Then feel no fear of sheriffs and their *bulboes*,—  
Who wear no sleeves can ne'er be out at elbows.

Nay, Fashion, even the Theatre obeys,  
And as she dictates, authors mould their plays.  
One year plain German and nought else will do,  
Huzza for Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue!  
"Presto, begone!" cries fashion "it grows dull,  
"Now give me English, Colman, and John Bull."

In former times—'twas when our belles wore stays,  
We was in fashion and adorn'd our plays;

Each character excell'd in repartee,  
And humor usher'd in indecency—  
No longer now we deal in Sirs and Ladies,  
But ghosts and castles, Dennis's and Thady's,—  
And wit's not wit—such is the force of vogue—  
Unless its garnish'd with a bit of brogue—  
"Och! botheration! be azy now honey!"  
"Young lady ate a bit of macaroni!"  
"At hei again my jewel! 'tis clear as mud,"  
"The wine has done the little crater good."

All hail! blest Fashion! Take us in thy train!  
Goddess adopt us! and we thrive again.  
O lend thy ear while fervently I pray,  
That this may prove—a fashionable play!

## For the Weekly Visitor.

Messrs. Editors,

An amiable friend of mine is  
pleased to call snuffing a vice. The arguments I have adduced in favor of this innocent and elegant accomplishment have hitherto been unavailing. Perhaps the following lines may prove more persuasive than dry logic on the subject.

You will oblige a reader by inserting them in your next VISITOR.

## SNUFF.

**A** DELICATE pinch! oh how it tingles up  
The titillated nose, and fills the eyes  
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze  
The full collected pleasure bursts at last.  
Most rare Columbus! thou shalt be for this  
The only Christopher in my calendar.  
Why, but for thee, the uses of the nose  
Were half unknown, and its capacity  
Of joy. The summer gale that from the heath  
A midnight glittering with the golden furze,  
Bears its balsamic odors, but provokes,  
Not satisfies the sense; and all the flowers,  
That with their unsubstantial fragrance tempt  
And disappoint, bloom for so short a space,  
That half the year the nostrils would keep Lent,  
But that the kind Tobacconist admits  
No winter in his work; when nature sleeps  
His wheels roll on and still administer  
A plenitude of joy, a tangible smell.

What is Peru and those Brazilian mines  
To thee Virginia? miserable realms,  
They furnish gold for knaves, and gems for fools,  
But thine are common comforts! to omit  
Pipe panegyric and tobacco praise.  
Think what general joy the snuff-box gives,  
Europe, and far above Pizarro's name  
Write Raleigh in thy records of renown!  
Him let the school-boy bless if he behold  
His master's box produced, for when he sees  
The thumb and finger of authority  
Stuffed up the nostrils, when hat, bead, and wig  
Shake all, when on the waistcoat black the dust  
Or drop falls brown, soon shall the brow severe  
Relax, and from vituperative lips  
Words that of birch remind not, sounds of praise,  
And jokes that must be laugh'd at shall proceed.

## N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Supertine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

## WHAITES &amp; CHARTERS.

## PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality intone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

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PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.